

(Copyright, 1900, by S. S. McClure Co.) Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

Five years before the outbreak of the civil war love of adventure, hatred of slavery and the desire to help my friend, George Wesner, led me, Charles Bradley, a civil Wesner, led me, Chatles Bradley, a civil engineer, of Attakapas country, La., to become an agent of the underground railroad. Wesner had been nursed through the smallpox by a young slave, Lacy, belonging to the Coverly plantation. He discovered facts which proved that Lucy was white and of good family. A secret love match followed, which progressed well until Coverly proposed to sell Lucy to his son and refused to sell her to any one else. Wesner became desperate. I agreed to help him became desperate. I agreed to help him steal Lucy, and went to New York to ar-range with the Anti-Slavery Society for the care of any slaves we could bring north. Returning home I secured a boat and supplies, engaged a man, Moere, and located a refuge station at my wood camp several miles up the river. Moore assists me in securing a safe and secret route from the month of the White river to our yard. Wesner and I make the trip to the wood camp and find that Moore has the U. G. railroad completed. We return and put up a store building where, to avoid all suspicion, we carry on a general merchandise business. In a few days Wesner starts the first batch of Coverly's slaves, including Lucy, for the north, and immediately a searching party is sent out. Under clever disguises Wesner and Moore evade the pursuers, in all of

On the road at last, the Spanish moss on the live oaks looking weird and ghostly in the gloom and murky darkness. Quietly we rade past the few houses that bordered the main traveled road. The mud was deep and it was impossible to move faster than a walk. My time was precious, as I was anxious to get to the rendezvous, see for myself how the negroes were situated, and go back before morning. I wanted to be at the store before daybreak, and have a good chance to clean my horse from the mud stains and wet. I do not know that I was afraid, but I had that uneasy feeling that invariably accompanies deception.

We were pretty effectually disguised,

George as a white overseer and I as the strange negro, bringing the white guide to

It was past midnight when we reached the vicinity of the rendezvous. All was as quiet as the homes of the dead. Not a sound aild we hear as we drew near. Whether they were dead or we off the track we were unable to conjecture. Through the inky blackness of the night no eye could penetrate, and we had kept our way thus far by compass, turning our dark lanterns upon it every few rods. The water was ankle deep, in some places above our knees. Through this we waded, stumbling now and then over a fallen log, but luckily keep-

and then over a fallen log, but luckily keeping our feet. George, who was some distance ahead, halted until I came up.

"I think," said he, "from the shoaling of
the water, we must be near them. On this
side the hummock is rather flat and slopes
gradually, the other side, where the cabin
is, being steeper. I don't want to pass it,
for it will be disagreeable wandering
around in the water until morning.

"I spotted a few trees at the edge of the
hummock," he continued, after we left our
horses, "and if we can fortunately find one
of them we are all right. Flash your light
to the right and see if you see anything."
I did so—there was nothing.
"Let us keep together," I said, "for this

"To the left"—nothing.
"Let us keep together," I said, "for this
place is fearfully lonesome."
George laughed quietly, and again turned
his light forward. We waded perhaps two
or three rods farther, the water shoaling

fast.
"We are on the hummock!" cried George.
Just then, but a short distance away, I
saw slowly rising a tiny spark. It was
gone in an instant, but it was enough.
"Straight ahead, my boy. Turn on your

"Here we are; I see the cabin!" I cried.

Lucy had not retired. George whistled softly. At the signal she flew to the door, unbarred and opened it, and, dripping with

tremulous light, dim and uncertain. Lucy gazed at us a moment, and gave her hand to Wesner. "You are the guide." said she, "and" (turning to me with a smile) "you

are the strange negro."

In the little loft the men were slumbering; back of the low partition slept the women and children. The rain beating against the low roof, and the wind sweeping through the forest, drowned the noise created by our

She nodded assent. In ten minutes there was a table set and a steaming cup of coffee for us—what a luxury at that moment.

Few words were exchanged.

"I must return before daylight," said 1. and rising from the table, threw on my wet coat and left the cabin. George and Lucy accompanied me to the edge of the water, and, wishing each other a mutual "god-spedd," with one hearty hand-grip for success, I was alone.

Holding my compass in my hand, and opening the slide of my lantern, I made the best possible time toward the horses.

opening the since of my lantern, I made; the best possible time toward the horses, which I had left on an old abandoned road, unused for years. In fact, I think it was never used except to haul out ship timber one winter by some northern shipbuilders. This road ran nearly at right angles with my course, and shaping that so as to be one winter by some northern shipbuilders. This road ran nearly at right angles with my course, and shaping that so as to be sure and strike it between the horses and the stream, I kept on and in less than an hour reached it about one-fourth of a mile below the horses. At 4 o'clock both horses were stabled at the store and well rubbed down. Then I lay down for a few hours' rest, and when the first customer for the day appeared was ready for business.

Many inquiries were made during the day for George, but my invariable answer was: "Gone north after goods."

Various surmises were made as to the fate of "Coverly's niggers," none of them worth repeating. The old man had men watching Perry's swamp constantly, and as the negroes were never within fifteen miles of there, I concluded it was no particular harm to let them watch.

One day Skew Bill came tearing up to the store, wild; bounced off his pony and rushed in.

"Mr. Bradley," cried he.

Mr. Bradley," cried he.

Well, Bill." Old Coverly has got track of his nig-

"Just where I told 'em. They was in Perry's swamp."
"What makes you think he has found

"What makes you think he has found them, Bill?"
"Well, 'cause, you see, I saw two niggers night afore last come out of the swamp and skulk off. I follered 'em a spell, but they caught sight of me and hid. There is going to be a big hunt tomorrer, all the fellers are to meet here at 8 o'clock in the morning, and, by hokey, we'll just scour the ole swamp and see if they are there. They must be on this side of the bayou."

The next morning the bayes commenced to

must be on this side of the bayou."

The next morning the boys commenced to gather. There were about twenty-five or thirry of what George called "Turkey-paw bucks." young dare-devils, wild as bucks and full of fun. To them a negro hunt meant plenty of corn juice and a good time generally.

ly. r negroes, if found, all right; if not, As for negroes, if found, all right; if not, they had the fun all the same. There were Bill Simonds from St. Mary's, young, lithe as a panther, cool as ice, a dead shot and a Comanche on horseback; the Smythe brothers from New Iberia, both able men, who afterward proved their bravery; the Dubois brothers, three of them, fun-loving Frenchmen, any one of whom would risk his life for a joke. These are all the names I remember, except Charlton, the deputy sheriff, a thick-haded old blunderer, an inveterate stammerer and invariably drunk by As for negroes, it found, all right; if not, they had the fun all the same. There were Bill Simonds from St. Mary's, young, lithe as a panther, cool as ice, a dead shot and a Comanche on horseback; the Smythe brothers from New Iberla, both able men, who afterward proved their bravery; the Dubois brothers, three of them, fun-loving Frenchmen, any one of whom would risk his life for a joke. These are all the names I remember, except Charlton, the deputy sheriff, a thick-haded old blunderer, an inveterate stammerer and invariably drunk by 12 o'clock every secular day, but plumb sober on the Sabbath, when he endeavored to make up for a week's scoundrelism by praying the greater part of the day. This was a sheriff's posse, and what Charlton

called. "The l-law an' con-st-st-t-tu-tu-tion, gentlemen, to back it up."
Out on the prairie in front of the store the boys we:e gathering waiting Coverly's arrival. He and Dick were both expected, and the hunt would not begin until they came. I had sent word to Dick that George had gone, or he would not have put in an appearance, for he had a wholesome dread of my partner's anger and avoided meeting him

appearance, for he had a wholesome dread of my partner's anger and avoided meeting him.

Dick and myself were personally on good terms. I never admired him, but had never quarreled with him, and as the negroes to be hunted for were in part his property. I really wanted him to take part in the sport. He came wonderfully arrayed with a pair of Mexican spurs on his heels, a brace of Colt's 38-caliber in his hostlers, and the ever-present shotgun in his hand. He was a mounted arsenal under a sombrero hat. His weapons and a scarlet sash wound around his waist gave him the appearance of a formidable antagonist; but he was not over-courageous, and though something of a bully, had an uncommon aversion for the small end of a gun. He dashed up to the boys like a warrior. I wished him a cheerful 'Good morning,' and away rode the crowd for Perry's, Dick on the big roan, leading at a gallop.

I was somewhat interested to know the

crowd for Perry's, Dick on the big roan, leading at a failop.

I was somewhat interested to know the result of their hunt, and kept a sharp look-out for the return of the hunters. I saw nothing of them until about 5 o'clock in the afterneon, when one of the Smythe boys rode up to the platform, dismounted, and, tying his horse to the hitching rail in front, waiked into the store.

"Well, Charley, did you find the runaways?"

our store and stock alone, it being a cross-road store and no buildings very near.

CHAPTER X.

bacco and commenced to roll his cigarette,

"we will begin.

It was late that night before we got to bed, and the next day was a very busy one; our goods coming from the steamer had to be taken care of, and it was Sunday before we were settled for George's narrative.
"Now," said George, as he took out his to-

"You remember, Brad, when you left me in the little hut it was raining heavily. I am willing to admit that I was a little homesick," he continued, "but the stream was crossed, the bridges burned and there

homesick," he continued, "but the stream was crossed, the bridges burned and there was no retreat. I wrapped a blanket around me, lay down on the floor and tried to sleep, but was so nervous and excited that I did not succeed very well, although a little drowsy before morning. Impatiently I waited for the light. Before sunrise I was on my feet. Lucy aroused the sleepers, and soon breakfast was ready.

"I was a white man now, and breakfasted by myself. About 8 o'clock the sun came out bright and clear, causing the steam to arise from the wet follage in such dense masses that it would conceal the smoke, and there was perfect safety in our having a fire. I directed the boys to make a big one out of doors to dry our clothing and cheer the people, for there is nothing so cheers and enlivens one in the woods as a big, brackling fire, and our spirits rose with the sparks.

"A dozen people cannot move so quietly and expeditiously as two men, and I concluded that it would take at least four hours for the party to accomplish the same distance you and I did in two.

"The little brook leading into the Teche was more than bank full and was now merely a deep ditch in the overflowed swamp. Our canoes were quite a distance up the brook, but we had no difficulty in finding them, although there was some trouble in arranging the passengers. The sun was low in the west before we began to make our way toward the bayou.

"In the first canoe was Lucy, together with Pharo—rather a thick-headed, blundering darky, afraid of his own shadow—Tom, Jack and myself. I took the bow; to Jack, who was quite a waterman, I gave the stern, telling the others to keep still and watch, but not move.

"I had my rifle and revolvers, none of the others were armed. as I dared not trust

ways?"
"Not one," he answered.
"What caused all the excitement?"
"A couple of free negroes in there splitting rails. They had their women with them, a couple of little huts built, and were at work. They went in a mile or more on account of rift, as they explained to me. They wanted good, straight, rifted trees. Lord, man!—how Dick Coverly's lip

prisoners and thinking what I could do with them. Finally, I diew my revolver. At the sight of it they tunned an clear pigeon blue, and shook like an ague chill. 'Well, boys,' said I, 'it will be my unpleasant duty to shoot you both. 'I don' breally like to do it, but I know of no ether way. I am going to the free states with these folks and don't want to have you go back and set the whole country after us, as you would if we let you go. Say, you chap with the cracked head, drop your hand from your skull, will you? I want a fair shot, for I don't want you to be a long-time dying, and again, you would upset the cance if you kicked much.'"

"'Oh, massa; letus go norf, tool Let us go! We'll work for you and pay our way and will stick forever, 'deed an' we will.'

"I called old Mese down. 'Mose,' said I; 'is it best to shout these fellows or take them along?'

"Mose did not know me, and felt rather

"I called old Mose down. Mose, said I;
"is it best to shoot these fellows or take
them along?"
"Mose did not know me, and felt rather
inclined to be frightened himself, but finally he stammered out: 'I wouldn't shoot
'em, massa; let's take 'em along; there's
rcom enough in my canoe for one.
"So I concluded not to kill them, much
to their satisfaction. On further questioning I found out to whom they belonged.
They were Lamman's boys and had been up
the bayou fishing, probably for chickens, as
there were two then in the canoe. I did not
like to deprive Lamman of a couple of his
hands or rob him of \$2,500, but, having left
my conscience at home, I certainly could
not send them back. The only other rescurce was murder, and I thought on the
whole I would be justified in committing the
theft. I therefore ordered them on shore to
get their breakfast.
"After breakfast, more trouble. Jim, the
youngest, had a wife at Lanman's and had
told his story to the party. Lucy had
heard it, and her heart was touched. She
followed me to the boat; 'Only one more,
just one, we can crowd her in somewhere.
Just think, suppose I were her, would you
leave me?"
"He must leave her,' said I, for I knew

eave me?'
"'He must leave her,' said I, for I knew enough about plantation negroes to know that it would be posting a handbill to allow

that it would be posting a handbill to allow him to return.

"'His wife is at Stephenson's,' she replied, 'and cannot know of her husband's absence, and laying here a day he could get her.'

"'Lucy,' I replied, 'you and Jim must bear with disappointment this time. If Jim goes for his wife and gets her, the whole country will be scoured, for it will be known at once that they have run away. We shall run great risk of being caught, and then what would become of you and the rest? I shall run the cance into the bayou, upset it, and then Mr. Lan-

were, but if they were horse thieves we were not liable to be followed by them. Brad, it is hard work paddling a heavily loaded canoe against even a slow current. I was fast getting tired, and my hands were blistered so they bled. It was a relief to me to know that Obed was good at that sort of engineering. I settled down then, and concluded that my particular forte lay in commanding the expedition, and as commander, of course, I could not well be engineer. Therefore I sat resignedly in the stern of the canoe and kept a good lookout. By hard work we made four miles an hour against the current. At midnight we pulled up for a short time, ate a luncheon and got well rested. Twelve miles further would take us to the mouth of a chute, the course of which was up the river. As it was too small for steamers, and no person had settled there, I felt safe in attempting to make the passage by daylight. We must enter before morning light, however, or go ashore and lie in the woods all day. We made every exertion, and before daylight had the good fortune to enter the mouth of the chute. A couple of miles up and we felt safe.

"'Unload, boys,' said I, 'and we will rest

chute. A couple of miles up and we felt safe.

"'Unload, boys,' said I, 'and we will rest and have our breakfast, for here we stay until 4 o'clock. Three short hours will take us into the bayou again, and then look for trouble, for you will find plenty of danger and scores of steamers.'

"We landed and breakfast was soon under way. Coffee, fresh fish and bacon, with a few cakes of pilot bread—it was a good, square meal, and ravenously de-

danger and scores of steamers.'

"We landed and breakfast was soon under way. Coffee, fresh fish and bacon, with a few cakes of pilot bread—it was a good, square meal, and ravenously devoured by as hungry a set of runaways as ever left the sunny south. After breakfast we lay down and slept soundly until 3 o'clock, when I aroused all hands, Hard bread and coffee, then off again on our uncertain journey.

"I had calculated to strike the bayou again about dark, and as it was quite wide at the mouth of the chute we would have no difficulty. The chances of any notice being taken of us by passing steamers were well in our favor. Usually they had enough of their own business to attend to and would not suspect us of being a lot of runaways unless news had been spread abroad that we were off for the north. Of this there was no great danger unless, as there is no telegraph in the region, the news had just reached there. In that instance even it would be very unlikely that we were canceling our way to Canada, but if we were overhauled we could not answer, as the very fact of traveling by came and without baggage in that steamboat country would be a dead giveaway.

"Three hundred miles of water journey lay before us. Six days and nights carried us 180 miles, without sign of danger. At last I became carcless, and did not take the extra precautions needed, and this carelessness came very near costing us dear, of the canoe, perhaps twenty rods in advance of the other one. Obed was an the bow, doing most of the labor. The night was warm, and very pleasant, and perhaps I got a little drowsy myself. I know the rest were, for all hands were modding. I took the steering of the canoe after dark, for by that means I was sure to be awake. We were close to the bank, in fact, quite under the overhanging branches of the canoe. The craft, never any too stanch, careened to the water's edge.

"Don't move!" cried I; 'for if we overset you are 'gator meat, every one of you!" In less than a winning advant to stand, careened to the water's edg edge.
"'Don't move!" cried I; 'for if we over-

Bet you are 'gator meat, every one of you!'
In less than a minute a dozen ugly heads
broke the muddy water, and it seemed as
if every alligator in the bayou had gathif every alligator in the bayou had gathered around the boat. I ordered Lemuel to close his canoe up quick, and he did, but I dared not attempt to transfer for fear of sinking his canoe. Obed, understanding the situation, kept beating the water with his paddle to frighten them and keep them at bay; thus we got our boat ashore, landed our wet and scared passengers, then bailed the water out of our drowned craft.

"I can't say that I was frightened, but I afterward thoughtsperhaps I might have been. I did not relish having my career

been. I did not relish having my career cut short by an alligator, for I wanted to again see some lively work in the Attaka-

pas country.
"This affair consumed an hour, and about "This affair consumed an hour, and about daylight we landed, hauled up our cances and prepared to pass another day watching passing steamers and waiting for night. "Twenty-one days from our first embarking, without further mishap, we hauled our cances ashore at the entrance of a little bayou, in sight of the great Red river. You recollect when we were that way planning recollect when we were that way planning the route we pushed boldly out. It was

man will think he has lost a couple of negroes in the bayou. Next trip I will take Jim's wife!"

"She said no more. Jim felt bad to think he was to be kidnaped, but he was determined to make the best of everything, and did not make much demonstration. I do not think he was quite heartbroken. The canoe I took down to the bayou that afternoon and upset her, and let her float to tell the tale to Lanman that he was out a couple of negroes. I reckon we may as well take our next involve from there. Obed, the other one, was forty years old. He had left a wife and two little ones ten years ago, in Louisville, Ky. He had no loves to leave behind. He is the devil's own. It was he whom I paddled. I talked to him as I tied up his head. In a few to find the route we pushed boldly out. It was find fire route we pushed boldly out. It was fire route we pushed boldly out. It was fraik, than fire route we pushed boldly out. It was fraik, than fire route we pushed boldly out. It was fraik, than fire route we pushed boldly out. It was fraik the route we pushed boldly out. It was fraik. Than firs the route we pushed boldly out. It was fraik the route we pushed boldly out. It was fraik. Than fire route we pushed boldly out. It was fraik. Than firs the route we pushed boldly out. It was to below to it by night, as quantities of different now.

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"I was too lgnorant of the river to make further to make the vas quantities of different now.

"I was too lgnorant of the river to make further to make further to make further to make further, and this first cone

were close under the opposite bank of the river.

"There were so many steamers moving that I did not feel quite easy, and about 9 o'clock, hearing the threshing of an upward-bound one, we ran the canoes into a little cove, where we were secure from observation. Here the banks of the river were well wooded, the foliage thick and overhanging.

"The swift-rolling river eddled and sparkled in the bright sunlight as, loaded with drift, it rushed past. From our secure place in the cove I closely watched it, and reluctantly concluded we must continue our voyage to the mouth of the Black mostly by daylight, the risk from the curiosity of people on passing steamers being much less than the danger from collision with the floating debris, and it would not be an unusual sight for a couple of canoes to be seen paddling up the Red river. I therefore determined to remain here the balance of the day and the coming night.

"As this was to be out first all-night rest, we made quite an extensive preparation, putting up a light frame of poles and stretching our tent over it as a protection from the heavy dew and fog. I was a little wary about fire, but by digging a hole a few feet deep and making our fire in that we had quite a lively blaze that could not be seen a dozen yards away. Hot coffee, fried bacon and catfish, with hardtack for a relish, made an excellent repast, and as the epicurean tastes of my passengers had never been very extensively cultivated, they found no fault. As for me, I was so confounded hungry that I was not particular and would have relished the food equally as well had it been raw.

"After supper we lay down, and in a few minutes all but myself were asleep. I was too tired and anxious to sleep soundly, and perhaps I was a triffe nervous. I lay thinking and planning until almost midnight.

"From here to the White river was a long distance. I had become accustomed to the danger and thought chiefly of the fatigue.

"In the morning we were off again. For ten days we voyaged, sleeping at night and resting our

There is so much jewelry now worn on the evening gowns that one can make use of almost anything. A funny old-fashioned filigreed gold bracelet, with cairn-gorms set here and there, has been utilized for making a most charming shoulder strap. The stones, which originally hung all around the bracelet, suspended from fine gold chains, were taken off and put at the two ends when the ornament is fastened to the gown. The clasp of the bracelet forms the top or center piece, while four pendants of the cairn-gorms form lines going from it. ADVERTISED LETTERS.

Adams, A R Mrs
Adams, Emmagine Miss
Adams, R Mrs
Allen, May Miss
Amager, Susie Miss
Amager, Susie Miss
Amgell, Lillian Miss
Armstrong, Marile Mrs
Bady, Janie Miss (2)
Bard, Beckey Miss
Barber, Agnes Mrs
Bathonew, Clara Mrs
Bathonew, Clara Mrs
Bateman, Martha E
Baply, Edith G Miss "ADIES' LIST.

Dickinson, E. H. Mrs.
Dixon, E. H. Mrs.
Dixon, Norah A. Miss.
Dixon, Norah A. Miss.
Doube, Alice M. Mrs.
Doube, Elizabeth Miss.
Doubh, Mary Miss.
Doubla, Mary Miss.
Duella, Mary Miss.
Duella, Mary Miss.
Dunham, Ida May Miss.
Dyer, Marquertle Miss.
Dyer, Marquertle Miss. Dyson, Lizzle Miss
Edwards, Cornie Miss
Edwards, Cornie Miss
Ehle, F. M. Mrs
E. ade, Alice Miss
E. Bills, Lyman Mrs
Elminos, Elizabeth Wales Elminos, Elizabeth Wales
Ewell, Parthena Mrs
Ewell, Parthena Mrs
Fankhausen, M. Miss
Fankhausen, M. Miss

Fankhausen, M Miss Feit, Lydin Z Mrs Fergusen, Mary Mrs (2) Findley, Rose Miss Fischer, Kittey Miss Fischer, Mary Miss Miss
Folsom, Eliza
Ford, Amelia
Ford, Hattle E Miss
Foster, Wm W jr Mrs
Fosters, Maggie Mrs

Jackson, Emnia Miss (2)
Jackson, Lizzle Miss
Jackson, Laila Miss
Jackson, Maria Mrs
Jackson, Rosa Mrs
Jackson, Rosa Mrs
Jackson, Virginia Miss
James, Henry Hakes Mrs
James, Mary E Miss
James, Hary Hakes Mrs
James, Hary Lines Miss
Jasper, Julia Mrs
Jasper, Julia Mrs
Jasper, Mary E Miss
Jasper, Mary E Miss
Jasper, Mary E Miss
Johnson, Florence Mrs
Johnson, Birdle Miss
Johnson, Caralliae Mrs
Johnson, Cora Miss
Johnson, Francls Mrs
Johnson, Grace Miss

Johnston, Gertrude Miss Jones, Hattle Miss Jones, Mittle Mrs Jones, Olivia Miss Jones, R Mrs Jones, Sallie Miss Jordan, Kattle Mrs Jordan, Kattle Mrs Jordan, L Miss Kelly, Maggie Mrs Kenner, Allinda E Miss Kenner, Allinda E Miss Koffman, M Miss Koffman, M Miss Kuee, F W Mrs Kuben, Minnie Mrs Kuben, Minnie Mrs Gentlemis

Kuhen, Minnie Mrs
GENT
Addison, Frank A
Alberger, Wm H jr
Alberger, Wm H jr
Alex, Frank A
Allen, F W
Allen, Henry C
Allen, H Jones
Allen, Jas
Anderson, Jas
Anderson, Jas
Anderson, W S
Armstrong J H
Ayers, D
Bachelder, Jesse B
Bachelder, Jesse B
Bachelder, Jesse B
Baker, G H
Baker, W Pierce
Baldwin, R J Hon
Barnster, Jas
Banning, B R
Barrett, Claude
Barry, R
Barrett, Claude
Barry, R
Barrett, Claude
Barry, R
Bartlett & Kappler
Bartlett, Saml D D
Brand, Charley

Bartlett & Kap Bartlett, Sami I Brand, Charley Banman, A B Barton, Ernest Baxter, Wm Baylor, Fred Bell, Philip A Bennett, Thos J

M Miss Young, Annie Mi Young, Annie Mi Young, Sophia M mnie Mrs Young, Sophia M Young, Sophia M Young, Virginia GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

ank A Bolway, F G M m H if Boutelle, Henry H Smith Bowden, Geo E H Boyde, Charlie Braidy, Randolph Breck, W W Briscoe, Wm Burch, Dani Brodnax, R H Brilhart, E E Brooks, Jo L S Brooks, Jo L S Brooks, Jos W Brose, Willie Brown, Aaron Brwm, A V Brown, Clinton Brown, Geo Brown, Henry Brown, Jno A Brown, Jno A Brown, Jno F Brown, Thos Dr Brown, Thos Dr Brown, Wm H Browne, B W Buchanan, W C Rev Burke, J T Burns, Whit Burns, Dan'l J Burns, Frank Butler, Ames Hon Butler, R Frank Butler, R Frank Butler, R Sank Butler, R San

the Mrs
th, Hattle Miss
p. M Miss
Mattie Miss
Mattie Miss
Mattle Miss
Mattle Miss
Mary G Mrs
Miss
Mary Mis

Remodeling Old Jewelry. From Harper's Bazar.

the cairn-gorms form lines going from it.

Lower over the shoulder are three fine gold
chains, graduating in length. A pair of
bracelets can be worn in this way, but it is
considered more "chic" to wear only one.
Old coral or amber necklaces, which children used to wear long ago, are very pretty
made up into shoulder straps, to be worn
with evening dresses, and are much in
vogue this season.

The following is a list of advertised letters remaining in the Washington (D. C.) Post-office Saturday, May 5, 1900.

To obtain any of these letters the applicant should call for "Advertised Letters."

If not called for within two (2) weeks they will be sent to the Dead Letter Office. S' LIST.

Lane, Fannie Mrs
Lang, Esther Mrs
Laverack, Wm Mrs
Lawson, Hester Mrs
Lee, Ada L
Lee, Emma Mrs
Lee, Emma Mrs
Lee, Linzie C Miss
Lewis, M M M'ss
Lewis, Mollie Miss
Lewis, Nannie Mrs
Lex, Ada C Miss
Lindsay, Gertrude Miss
Lindsay, Jennie Miss
Low, Andrew Mrs Low, Andrew Mrs
Lowe, T. L. Mrs
Lowe, M. Miss
Mrs
McCarthey, Mollie Miss
McCarthey, Mollie Miss
McCallam, E. Mrs
McCallam, E. Mrs
McCallam, S. Mrs
McCally, Josephine Mrs
McCally, Josephine Mrs
McCallam, A. M Mrs
McCallam, A. M Mrs
McCallam, A. M Mrs
Marchall, Annle Miss
Marshall, Annle Miss
Marshall, Jelia E. Mrs
Marshall, Julia E. Mrs
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Mayboff, Carl Mrs
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Maryey, Elsle Miss
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Miller, Marlon L. Miss
Miller, Marlon L. Miss
Miner, Mollie Mrs
Moore, Fannie Miss
Moore, Fannie Miss
Moore, Helen S. Mrs
Moore, J. W. Mrs
Moore, J. Wrs
Mosby, Rasie A Miss
Moulton, B. Mrs
Mosby, Rasie A Miss
Mullican, B. Miss
Murlay, Luey A. Miss
Myers, Anule B. Mrs
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Nelson, A. J. Mrs
Nelson, Pinkle Miss
Nelson, D. L. Mrs
Nelson, D. Mrs
Nelson, Pinkle Miss
Nelson, Pinkle Miss
Nelson, D. Mrs
Nelson, Pinkle Miss
Nelson, Pinkle Miss
Nelson, D. Mrs
Nelson, Pinkle Miss
Nelson, D. Mrs
Nelson, Pinkle Miss
Nelson, D. Mrs
Nelson, D. Mrs
Nelson, D. Mrs
Nelson, Pinkle Miss
Nelson, D. Mrs
Nelson, D. Mr

Madden, Michael
Maher, P.
Mallette, L. Ool (2)
Man, M. C.
Mansheld, R. N.
Mardon, A. L. Dr
Marnott, N. B.
Masser, A.
Masser, A.
Maynard, Mayner, A.
Maynard, Joseph (2)
Mercer, J. C.
Merser, Clarence
Messick, Richard
Milnig, Pat
Miller, Edw
Min. Clarence B.

Miller, Edw
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Miller, Edw
Miller, Edw
Miller, Glarence E

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Mitchell, Edward
Miller, Geo H
Macros, A B
Morris, George
Moorer, Willis
Morrison, J
Morrison, Bebotha
Murphy, Thos F
Muskrat, Dave Hon
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Naff, W Dr
Nash, Lather L
Nelson, Ailce
Nelson, Ailce
Nelson, Fisher & Co
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O'Connor, Mr and Mrs
Manvice
O'Hara, John
JrOlds, R S
O'Highaut, Saml Grant
O'Neill, E O'Neill, E O'Neill,

Olds, Oliphant, So O'Neill, E O Shurn, F 1 Hor Julians

O'Neill, E O
Osburn, F I Hon
Osburn, F I Hon
Ottaway, Juliana
Owens, M J
Parden, Vernon
Parker, J S
Parrish, C C Dr
Payne, Edward
Payne, John
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Penington, Thomas
Pennan, J R
Perkins, S F Hon
Petritt, Lee A
Pierce, Fred B Hon
Pierce, W M Capt
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Poler, J W
Porter, J R
Powey, Henry
Powell, John H
Pretty, E A
Pritchard, Sizer
Proctor, Frank
Paillam, G W
Purcell, M
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Quarles, Chas Hon
Quarl, A G C
Rondall, Chas S

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hompson, J W I hompson, Pierce sulman, Morton renkle, Walter rueman, Rich

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Wright, R C & Co Wright, Ruben

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Chambera, R. B.
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Chark, Jacob
Cark, J. B. Senator
Cark, J. B. Senator
Cark, J. B. Senator
Cark, W. H.
Cary, W. H.
Cary, W. H.
Cary, W. C.
Cole, Mahlon H. Master
Coleman, Horace
Coleman, Gaswana
Complete, Class B.
Connell, Geo W.
Connell, Geo W.
Connell, Geo W.
Connell, Geo W.
Connell, J. E.
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Cridler, Elonzo
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Cunningham, C. W.
Daffuey, Will
Daniel, T. Z. M. D.
Davidson, Joe M.
Davidson, Joe M.
Davidson, Joe M.
Davidson, Joe M.
Devitze, Ernest
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De Theordoravich, Cheo
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Dotnells, Jos F.
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Dotnells, Jos F.
Drumgood, Waverly
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Elder, A. R. T.
Elderidge, Wm
Ellis Jas. Edder, A R T
Eddridge, Wm
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Gender, E D
Gender, F C Neison, Plinkie Miss
Nowak, Addie Miss
Nowak, Addie Miss
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Noyes, Sam Mrs
O'Connell, Pauleon Miss
O'Conner, M Miss
Olanier, Mary Mrs
Orr, E S Miss
Otte, L E Mrs
Page, Butler Mrs
Page, Butler Mrs
Page, Butler Mrs
Panell, Millie E Miss
Panell, Millie E Miss
Pattensen, E V Miss
Pattensen, E V Miss
Pattensen, E V Miss
Pattensen, E V Miss
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Payne, Mollie Miss
Pensen, Gertrude Miss
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Hill, O J
Hillie, W B
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Raglan, Julia Miss
Raglan, G J Miss
Raglan, G J Miss
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Reynolds, Lottie Mrs
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Richard, Julian Mrs
Richard, Julian Mrs
Robertson, Jonne Miss

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Robertson, Jennie Miss
Robertson, Jennie Miss
Roberts, L Mrs
Roberts, L Mrs
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Robinson, Carrie L Miss
Robinson, Luey Miss
Robinson, Luey Miss
Robinson, Luey Miss
Robinson, Frank Mrs
Rodgers, Margret Mrs
Rodgers, Alex Mrs
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Kleum, John W
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McCormick, Robert S McCorkle, Thos
McCornick, Richard Hon Williams, R H
McCornick, Robert S
McCulley, George
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McDowel, Geo W
McDowel, Percy H
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Clipper, Jno
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Custis, Ben
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Hawkine, Sarah Miss
Heard, Cora Miss
Heard, Cara B Miss
Johnson, Dr

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Mattingly, Alice Miss
Smallwood, Rosia Mrs
Spart, Willie
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Stoard, J Miles
Wilson, Amanda Miss
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Yates, Islah

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Best, M A Mrs

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The Difference.

From Puck.

Little Elmer—"Papa, what is a sot?"

Prof. Broadhead—"A sot, my son, is a poor man who gets drunk; a rich man who drinks to excess is the possessor of a convivial disposition."



This was the end of Mr. Coverly's "negro hunt."

Time passed and the 1st of May came without news from George. I took a New Orleans daily paper, and thoroughly examined every issue. Had the fugitives been apprehended, the first news would have been in the New Orleans oapers. Coverly had a standing advertisement in them offering \$1,000 for any information that would lead to their capture, and \$5,000 for their detention, so he could get them before August, with a separate reward of \$2,000 for Lucy, dead or alive.

Until I had enlisted as a practical abolitionist I had never especially noticed the

In the little loft the men were slumbering back of the low partition siept the women and children. The rain beating against the low roof, and the wind sweeping through the forest, drowned the noise created by our entrance, and they siept as only negroes can sieep. It was now nearly 1 o'clock, 1 could stop but a few moments, for I had three miles to go in a heavy rain storm, through swamp and forest, and alone. The night was black as Ethiopia itself, and I was tired and hungry.

"Do you know this gentleman, Lucy?" asked Wesner.

She nodded assent. In ten minutes there was a table set and a steaming cup of coffee for us—what a luxury at that moment.

Few words were exchanged.

Until I had enlisted as a practical abolitionst I had never especially noticed the runaway departments of the newspapers, or had I cared about them, but now every item I carefully eyed, and It became apparent to me that the system was not so pleasant as its supporters represented. I was not much given to moralizing in those country), and did not waste much time philosophizing upon the morality of American slavery. My ambition was to get my partner and myself well out of the affair and well into another.

May 15 came the first news from George. The letter was very brief, but enough. Here it is:

dropped when he saw them! There isn't a slave in this whole swamp; they're gone if he could use it. He looked me straight scmewhere, sure; they are not here," and he turned for home.

This was the end of Mr. Coverly's "negro hunt."

The proceed and the 1st of May came erty.

water and brushing our cance. The dip of the paddle and the swish of the branches as we disturbed them in our passage was all that broke the awful silence.

"It was quite dark before we reached the waters of the Teche, and tied up close under the bank, waiting for Lemuch and his cance. I was tired with waiting before they joined us.

"As we should now have to paddle against the current, and must make a noise, I thought it best to wait until to o'clock where we were, for a short distance above us, on the banks of the bayou, was Laurent's plantation. His negro quarters were quite near the water's edge, and as the stream was narrow at this plance, it was with no little anxiety that I drew near. Although the night was dark, yet there might be some one around, or some darky fishing. I spoke very softly to Lemue!, and he ranged alongside. With a light cord I fastened both cances to "Now, my boy, strong but easy," and we love the behind. He is the devil's own. It was he hom I paddled. I talked to him as I tied up his head. In a few minutes I was satisfied that he would be minutes I was satisfied that he would be my right-hand man, next to Lemue! Mason, and without these two I should have had great difficulty in succeeding.

"Obed I left at the woodyard, and Lemue! Mason is at New Orleans now. I have been with them for weeks, and neither of them suspects whom I am. To Lemue! I gave free papers as a protection if arrest-ed. Him you can trust. He is brave and cool.

"Let's see—I was tying up Obed's head, I believe. After I had washed off the blood so he could eat his breakfast, I sent him up to the fire, and after he had finished his coffee and bacen talked to him awhile. He was rather retieent at first about his past life, but I finally drew from him the fact that he had attempted to run away from Kentucky, been caught and brought back, whipped nearly to death and finally had killed another negro set to watch him and had again escaped, but was retaken and in the devil's own. It was satisfied that he would have him minut

some much given to moralizeng in throog country, and aid not weake much time pholosophains uson the meanity of Aument plates and the country and aid not waste much time pholosophains uson the meanity of Aument plates and the country and t